

A Fawcett Publication

Gabby Hayes

Western

SEPTEMBER
NO. 10

10¢



HE'S HERE! HE'S THERE!
HE'S EVERYWHERE!
THE WILD WEST'S WHACKIEST BUCKEROO!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN

Executive Editor: WILL KIERBERSON
Editor: JIM SHULL

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

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FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



Without water, the **BAR NOTHING RANCH** is doomed unless the ranch's foreman, Gabby Hayes, can work a water-finding miracle! Lots of folks claim Gabby is all wet, but does that make him a "Water Wizard"?

GLINT FLINT, A DOUBLE-CROSSER FROM THE DOUBLE-X, PAYS THE NEIGHBORING BAR NOTHING RANCH AN UNFRIENDLY VISIT!...

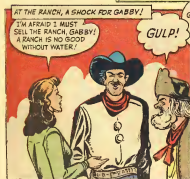


AND IF THEY'RE TOO BIG TO SALT, WE BLOW THEM UP! GABBY HAYES WILL SOON BE FOREMAN OF A DESERT!



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GABBY HAYES WESTERN









IF YOU DON'T FIND MORE WATER BY FOUR O'CLOCK, I'LL HAVE TO SELL TO CLINT FLINT.



I'LL FIND WATER, DON'T WORRY. BUT I'LL NEED MEN TO HELP ME DIG!

HMM... THE OLE COOT MAY PULL THE TRICK. I'LL HAVE TO STOP HIM SOMEHOW!



NOBODY AT THE BAR NOTHING RANCH HAS FAITH IN GABBY'S WATER-FINDING POWER, EXCEPT LITTLE TIPPY RYAN, HIS WARD!

EVEN FRED AND ELLIE THINK I'M WRONG, BUT I'LL SHOW 'EM!

SURE! YOU CAN DO 'MOST ANYTHING, GABBY!



GET THE SHOVELS, TIPPY! IT'S POINTING DOWN! AND THIS TIME I MADE SURE TO GIVE IT A FRESH TASTE OF WATER!



WASNT WE WASN'T SO BLAMED FAR FROM THE RANCH! I'M GITTING A CRICK IN MY BACK FROM WALKING BENT OVER!



GABBY PREPARE TO FIGHT IT OUT WHEN CLINT FLINT STRIKES!



GOLLY! THAT BIG GUN OF YOURS DRIVES THEM BACK IN A HURRY!

YUH GOTTA SKEDADDLE, YOUNG FELLER! THEY MEAN BUSINESS!

BOOM!

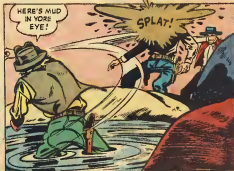
BOOM!



I CAN'T LEAVE, GABBY! THE GUNFIRE SCARED MY HORSE AWAY!

TAKE CORNER! I'LL HOLD OFF THESE HOMBRES WHILE YUH ESCAPE!

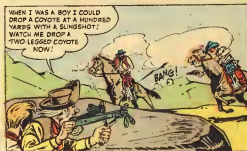


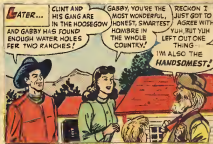




GABBY HAYES WESTERN







QUIZ

1. GRAPHIC MEANS PICTUREGQUE
TRUE.... FALSE....

2. THOMAS JEFFERSON SAID: "WE MUST ALL HANG TOGETHER OR ASSUREDLY WE SHALL ALL HANG SEPARATELY."
TRUE.... FALSE....

3. AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELL CAN TRAVEL AT THE TOP SPEED OF 100 MILES PER HOUR
TRUE.... FALSE....



4. THE KING OF SIAM IS KNOWN AS THE 'KEEPER OF THE TWENTY-FOUR GOLDEN UMBRELLAS'.
TRUE.... FALSE....

5. PRESIDENT MC KINLEY INAUGURATED 'THE OPEN DOOR' FOREIGN POLICY
TRUE.... FALSE....



ANSWERS:

1. TRUE 2. FALSE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN SAID IT IN 1776 3. FALSE 1900 MILES PER HOUR + TRUE 5. TRUE

GABBY HAYES

and **THE SAGA of RATTLEHEAD**

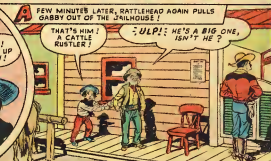
WE GOT A TIP WHAR
THIS HOMBRE'S HIDING!
WE'RE GOING TO GET
HIM, GABBY!

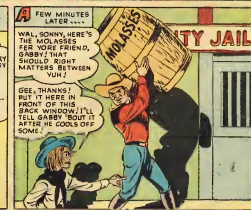
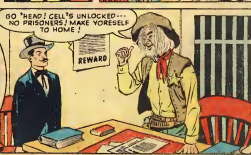
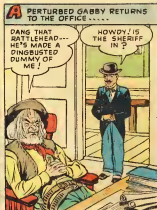
BY CRACKY,
I'LL WHOP HIM
SINGLE-HANDED, ALL
BY MUHSELF!

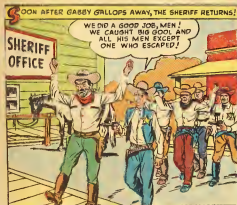
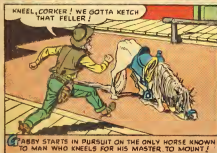
IN RANWHIDE'S JAILHOUSE, SLIM
D'OGGLE, THE SHERIFF, HOLDS
A CONFERENCE WITH SEVERAL
NEWLY-APPOINTED DEPUTIES,
AMONG THEM, GABBY HAYES!

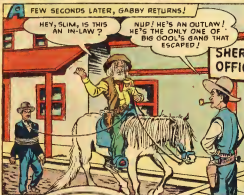


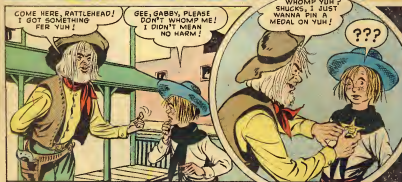
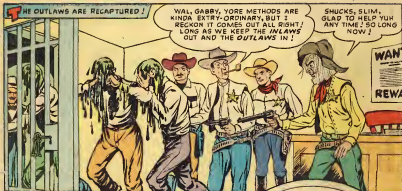












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appear every
month in
Gabby Hayes
Western
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ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE
IN
Route Lane
Western
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TUMBLEWEED'S RETURN

A BUCK DESMOND Story

By Dick Kraus



BUCK DESMOND reread the letter slowly, turning it over and over in his hands. He sat on his cot for a long time, and his lips twisted bitterly.

It was a letter from Tumbleweed Tyler, the young orphan Buck had befriended and sent East to school.

It was vacation time and Tumbleweed was coming West by train to see Buck. In advance of his coming, he had written the rambling cowboy a letter that started out like this:

"Dear Dad,

I'm sure looking forward to seeing you again. All of my friends at school know about you, and what a hero you are. They all wish they had you for a dad, like me. Of course, you're not my real father, but when I step off that train and see you there, I'm going to be just as proud as if you were."

There was only one hitch, Buck's thoughts ran. . .

He stood up and walked to the window. It was heavily barred. It was a cell window! Buck was in jail. . . held there to await trial on charges of bank robbery!

"When Tumbleweed gets off the train tomorrow and finds me here in the hoosegow," Buck mused. "It'll break his heart. He's idolized me all along. . . and to find me in jail'll just about ruin life for him. I might never get a chance to tell him that I'm no more guilty than the man in the moon!"

Buck sat down on his cot and ran over the events of the past two days in his mind.

Two days before, he had come into town, and had gotten a hotel room for himself and Tumbleweed. That night, the Prairie Savings Bank had been held up by a masked gunman. And the next morning Sheriff Cliff Morgan had come to arrest Buck.

"Arrest me?" Buck had protested unbelievably. "But I didn't have a thing to do with it!"

The sheriff had nodded.

"I'd like to believe that, Buck," he said.

"But Lee Parker, manager of the bank, claimed you were the hombre that did the job. He says your mask slipped just before you hit

him with your gun. He recognized you! And when we searched your hotel room, we found some of the missing currency under your mattress. I've known you for a long time, Buck—and I hate to do it—but I've got to hold you for trial!"

Now, alone in his jail cell, Buck's fists clenched.

The case *did* look airtight against him! A positive statement of the man who had been robbed—identified him as the thief! A cache of the stolen money was found in his room! It was a frame-up, but it looked convincing.

Buck's head reared back as he heard the click of the outer cell door.

A tall shadow was thrown against the wall over his cot. It was the sheriff, holding a lantern, his face expressionless. "Buck," he said, "better get your coat on. I've got to take you over to the county center. That's where the trial'll be held."

Buck nodded, and pulled his jacket on. Lithe and slim, he moved past Cliff Morgan. The older man locked the cell door again as they went out. The fresh air flooded against Buck—a relief to his nostrils after the stale, used-up smell of the prison.

Buck Desmond suddenly paused, putting his hand on the sheriff's arm.

"Cliff," he said. "Wait a second. You said before that we'd known each other a long time—that you hated to believe I was guilty! Well, I'm not! Will you give me a chance to prove it?"

The sheriff's face was grave. He did not speak for a moment.

"How can I, Buck?" he asked. "You're my prisoner. I've got to hold on to you!"

BUCK DESMOND nodded eagerly. "I know! But look! Give me an hour—one hour to find the man who really robbed the bank! You can follow me all the time and keep your eye on me. That way I'll still be in your custody, Cliff. But give me the chance! It's mighty important to me."

Cliff Morgan looked down for a moment.

When he spoke, his voice was muffled. "You did me a favor years ago, Buck, that

"I'll never forget! I—I want to repay it . . . if I can. So go ahead. I'll follow behind you. You've got an hour. No more!"

Buck clutched his hand for a moment. Then, keeping to the shadows, he trotted down the main street—the sheriff following him.

One man had said he recognized Buck when the hold-up was pulled. One man had said that it was the rambling cowboy who slugged him, who took the money, who let his mask slip! One man, the manager of the bank, Lee Parker! It was this man that Buck had to see! He had to get the truth.

LEE PARKER slept well as a rule.

This night, he slept better than usually, for most of his troubles had been disposed of. Things down at the bank had worked out well. So well that it looked as if Buck Desmond was going to jail for bank robbery—and as if the missing funds would never be located. Lee Parker smiled in his sleep, heavy-jowled face tight against the pillow.

He even smiled when a rough hand caught him by the shoulder and shook him.

"Wake up, Parker! Wake up," the voice said.

The bank manager opened his eyes, and the smile disappeared from his face. For there, standing over him, was Buck Desmond!

"Desmond!" he grunted in surprise. "How'd you—"

"—get out of jail?" Buck's lips twisted without humor. "That's my business. What I want to know is—why'd I get put in there?"

Parker's eyes fluttered and he began to edge to one side of the bed. "Because you held up the bank, that's why." The bruise on his forehead showed dark against the pallor of the rest of his face. "You slugged me—here—on my head. You took the currency. They found some of it in your room, remember? And I saw you when your mask slipped. This won't do you any good, Desmond! Better give up."

"No!" Buck shook his head slowly.

"I didn't do it and both of us know it!" His fist tightened on the Colt he held. "What I'm here for is to find out who did. Will you talk . . . or will I have to make you?"

With a sudden, desperation-driven movement, Parker flung himself over the side of the bed. "I'll talk," he gritted. "This way!" Clutching beneath the bed, his hand came up

with a gun. His finger tightened on the trigger.

But even as the banker lunged for the gun, Buck Desmond moved, too.

His fist sailed high in the air and came down on Lee Parker's wrist. There was a dull, sodden thud, and the other man's weapon dropped to the floor. Gasping in pain, Parker clutched his wrist. "You've broken it," he groaned.

Buck leaned forward, face intent in the night.

"That's nothing compared to what I'll do to prove I'm innocent," he gritted. "I don't like being framed, Parker, so talk fast! Who robbed the bank and why? Talk . . . or else!"

The other man's eyes grew huge in the dark room. Sweat poured in rivulets down his forehead. Suddenly, he gasped, "No! No! I'll talk! I did it myself. Had to! I'd been using money—speculating—and I'd lost several thousand. So I planned to rig a holdup and not blame anyone."

"Go on," Buck said, coldly. "Keep talking."

Parker needed no urging. He babbled on, "But it looked too risky. I figured I had to blame someone. I heard you were in town and figured you were probably without friends or influence. So I put the finger on you. I planted the money in your hotel room. I hit myself, making the bruise, and called the sheriff. It looked right to him and he believed me. So he arrested you."

"Which I'm mighty sorry for now," a heavy voice said.

Buck whirled and saw the sheriff standing in the doorway. "Your hour's up, Buck," Morgan said. "Fortunately, you don't need any more time. All right, Parker," he said to the bank manager, "get up. I've got a jail cell that's just been emptied and it'll be just right for you!"

AS he followed the sheriff and his new prisoner down the street toward the jail, Buck was too happy to say much.

And he was too busy thinking—thinking of the expression that would be on little Tumbleweed Tyler's face when he stepped down from the train. He was thinking, too, of the first words Tumbleweed would say. Buck was hoping they would be—"Hello, dad!"

THE END

Follow **BUCK DESMOND'S** adventures in every issue of **GABBY HAYES WESTERN!**

YOUNG FALCON

in the TRIPLE MENACE

YOUNG FALCON, SON OF THE GREAT CHIEF OF THE TRUEFEATHER TRIBE WHO WAS MASSACRED WITH HIS PEOPLE, HAS BEEN STAYING WITH A FRIENDLY TRIBE HE OFTEN VISITS, BUT ONE OF THE BRAVES HAS INSISTED ON SEEKING BATTLE WITH YOUNG FALCON, AND NOW...

NOW, TAWANA, YOU WILL THINK TWICE BEFORE SEEKING BATTLE WITH YOUNG FALCON AGAIN!

OWWWW!

BRAVO! YOUNG FALCON IS WINNER!

TAWANA HAS BEEN WELL BEATEN!

BLAM!

I WILL NOT FORGET THIS, YOUNG FALCON! I PROMISE I WILL HAVE MY REVENGE!

GO, TAWANA! YOU ARE NOTHING BUT AN EMPTY BULLY!

TAKE HEED OF TAWANA'S WORDS, YOUNG FALCON! HE IS THE KIND WHO WILL TRY TO GAIN REVENGE FOR HIS DEFEAT!

I FEAR HIM NOT, BESIDES, TOMORROW I TAKE TO THE HILLS AND FORESTS AGAIN, I WILL SEE YOU ALL ONLY WHEN I PASS THIS WAY ONCE MORE SOME DAY, TAWANA WILL HAVE FORGOTTEN THIS DAY BY THEN!

BUT THE NEXT DAY, A PUZZLED YOUNG FALCON THREADS HIS WAY THROUGH THE FORESTS!

I CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHAT BECAME OF MY KNIFE AND THE POUCH IN WHICH I CARRIED MY EXTRA MOCASINS AS WELL AS SOME OF MY OTHER SMALL BELONGINGS. THAT POUCH AND MY KNIFE DISAPPEARED LAST NIGHT AS I SLEPT!

I SEARCHED THE WHOLE CAMP BUT COULD FIND THEM NO WHERE. IT IS STRANGE, INDEED, WELL, THERE IS THE CABIN OF TRADER WRIGHT. I CAN AT LEAST PURCHASE A NEW KNIFE THERE.

BUT UPON ENTERING WRIGHT'S TRADING CABIN, A CHILL SETTLES AROUND THE LAD'S HEART AND SILENT SORR HEAVE HIS BODY!

TRADER WRIGHT! HE HAS BEEN KILLED! AND... AND MY STOLEN KNIFECASE AND POUCH WITH ITS CONTENTS HAVE BEEN LEFT HERE TO INCRIMINATE ME!



I HAVE BUT ONE ENEMY HERE ---

TAWANA!
THIS IS THE REVENGE HE PROMISED! CRIME THAT HAS CAUSED THE DEATH OF AN INNOCENT PERSON!



THIS GOOD TRADER WAS HELD IN HIGH ESTEEM BY THE WHITE SETTLERS AND THE REDMEN. TAWANA KNOWS BOTH WILL HUNT ME DOWN. BUT NO--- I AM INNOCENT AND I WILL FIND TAWANA AND BRING HIM TO JUSTICE.



SON OF THE WOODS THAT HE IS, YOUNG FALCON HAS LITTLE DIFFICULTY TRAILING TAWANA.



THERE HE IS, THE MURDERER! IT IS DARK AND THE LIGHT IS POOR, BUT I MUST TAKE CARE ONLY TO WOUND HIM! I MUST BRING HIM BACK TO ADMIT HIS OWN GUILT!

BUT TAWANA MOVES AT THE CRUCIAL MOMENT AND IN THE HALF-LIGHT OF DARK, YOUNG FALCON'S ARROW MISSES ITS MARK!



ONE OF YOUNG FALCON'S SHAPTS!

NOW TAWANA KNOWS I AM AFTER HIM. I'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW MORE CAREFULLY!



YOUNG FALCON, FOLLOWS TAWANA THROUGH THE DARKNESS UNTIL DAWN FINDS HIM HIGH IN THE LEAFS AND BOLDS OF THE TREES!

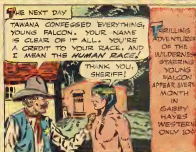
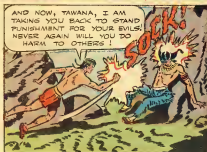
TAWANA'S TRAIL GROWS VERY INDISTINCT HERE! GOMBHOW, I SUSPECT A TRAP!



TAWANA STRIKES WITH THE SWIFTESS OF A TREADLY JERREY!







GABBY HAYES

The FLAPJACK
STORY

HAAAAA!AAA!

SKEDADDLE,
YUH ORNERY
CRITTER!
DON'T STAND
THAR A-LAUGHING
AT ME!

GABBY IS COCKY WHEN HE
SETS OUT TO CATCH SOME
ELUSIVE ROCKY MOUNTAIN
GOATS --- BUT HE SURE GOT
HAPPENED! AND THAT
SURE GOT HIS GOAT!

ONE DAY IN RAWHIDE, THE
SHERIFF POSTS A SIGN...

ATTENTION
MEN OF RAWHIDE!
AN EASTERN 300
AUTHORIZES ME TO
OFFER
\$500
FOR A PAIR OF
ROCKY MOUNTAIN
GOATS.
GET BUSY!
Sheriff Slim Daggles

FIVE HUNDRED DIMELEONS!
RIGHT NICE OF THEM
EASTERNERS TO GIVE ME
SUCH A WAD!

AW, SHUT UP, GABBY!
IT'LL TAKE MORE'N YORE
BIG MOUTH TO CATCH
THEM GOATS!

ATTENTION
MEN OF RAWHIDE
AN EASTERN 300
AUTHORIZES ME TO
OFFER
\$500
FOR A PAIR OF
ROCKY MOUNTAIN
GOATS.
GET BUSY!
Sheriff Slim Daggles











MEANWHILE, ZEKE AND FLAPJACK ARE DISGUSTED FROM A FRUITLESS SEARCH!...







JUST WAIT 'TILL I GIT
MUH HANDS ON THE EDYTOR
OF THIS HERE PAPER! HE SAYS
THE ONLY REASON I WUZ ABLE TO
CAPTURE THOSE CROOKS WUZ BECAUSE
I TALKED THEM
TO DEATH!

